

## GOLDEN RAIN

By Thomas Rolfe Bennett

"It's love that makes the world go round," proclaimed the wife of the village minister.

"In the case of those two," replied the minister himself indulgently, "that is certainly the case."

"Those two" were manifestly a happy and well-harmonized pair. They little resembled conventional lovers, however. John Burnham was 35 and his studious face little suggested the ardent youth and sweet-heart. Adria Newton was five years his junior, gentle-faced and with a sort of spiritual beauty that kept her eyes girlish, through which the true soul of a pure, loyal woman showed clearly.

As they presented this lovely spring afternoon, so they had been in the public eye for over two years. Late in life love had come to glorify the ambitions of John Burnham. Adria had received his confession, proud and happy. There had been in his life the simple wholesomeness of a real man and she honored and respected him.

When Burnham had proposed to Adria it had been in the presence of her three spinster sisters. At that time it looked as though the question of getting along was solved for John. His uncle had died leaving all he possessed to his favorite nephew. When the lawyers finished settling up the estate, however, all that was left was the ramshackle old house with 20 acres of rocks and hills behind it.

Old Daniel Burnham had been a surveyor and John had been his assistant ever since boyhood. It was a dull life in a way, but John loved nature and he took great enjoyment in his varied outdoor duties. When he learned that a much mooted store of hoarded gold of his departed uncle had evaporated in moonshine and that all he had that was practical was

a leaky roof over his head, he set at work to make the best of the situation.

"My prospects have turned out pretty bad, Adria," he had told his fiancée. "The surveying business is not what it used to be. It may be years before I can get on a settled



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basis. I want to release you from your promise."

"No, John," Adria had replied, the true lovelight shining in her eyes, "we will simply wait for the 'settled basis'."

There had been a year's waiting and business did not better with John Burnham. Like the current of an unruffled stream, however, their